

Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

ЮНАЦТВО

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СТЕНТАМ І ВСЬОМУ ДУХОВЕНСТВУ — ДОРО-
ГИМ БАТЬКАМ ПІОНІРАМ — УСІМ ЧЛЕНАМ
УКРАЇНСЬКОГО КАТОЛИЦЬКОГО ЮНАЦТВА,
СПІВРОБІТНИКАМ, ПЕРЕДПЛАТНИКАМ ТА
ЧИТАЧАМ — ЮНАЦТВО БАЖАЄ

ВЕСЕЛИХ СВЯТ 
І ЩАСЛИВОГО НОВОГО РОКУ!

Славіте Його!





ЮНАЦТВО YOUTH

Рік VII. Число 10.

Едмонтон, Альберта.

Грудень, 1951

ТИХА НІЧ

Тиханіч, свята ніч!

Сяйво бе від зірниць,

Дитинонька Пресвята,

Така ясна мов зоря,

Спочиває в тихім сні.

Тиха ніч, свята ніч!

Ой, зітри сльози з віч,

Бо Син Божий йде до-нас,

Цілий свят любовю спас,

Вітай нам святе Дитя!

Свята ніч настає,

Ясний блиск з неба бе

В людським тілі Божий Син

Прийшов нині в Вифлеєм,

Щоб освободити світ!

ПІДЕМО З КОЛЯДОЮ

Наші батьки не привезли в Канаду великого матеріального багатства, але привезли в цей світ великі духові й культурні цінності, привезли прикмети української душі, гарні українські звичаї — традицію. Вони вщепили ці цінності в канадійську землю, зростили й виплекали їх і передали нам — своїм нащадкам. Все, що маємо в нас високого, гарного, культурного й благородного — все це дає нам наша українська душа, наша українська традиція. А вона може нам це дати, бо вона виросла на засадах християнства, на святій вірі.

Різдвяні традиційні звичаї, це одні з найкращих, що їх передали нам наші батьки. Ці звичаї мають великий вплив на нашу душу, особливо на душу молоді й дітвори, вони глибоко вбиваються в пам'ять, а ще глибше в серце й ніяка сила не зможе їх нам вирвати, бо без них Різдво не було б для нас Різдвом.

Мабуть ні один нарід не має такого гарного, такого повного змісту Свят-Вечора, як ми українці. Загляньмо тільки в цей чудовий вечір до української хати. На столі сіно, як колись у яслах, на сіні обруси — пеленки, на обрусі хліби — символ Св. Родини, а коло них свічка сяє світлом вифлеємської зірки. Перед образами українська родина на молитві. У їх душах радість, на лицях спокій, повага. По молитві св. Вечера. Подають кутю — варену пшеницю — символ живучости нашої віри й нашого народу, що наче зерно криє в собі зародок нового життя, нового відродження. А далі дванадцять традиційних страв. Пісні вони, бо ж це Свят-Вечір, але які гарні, приманчиві, чисто народні: борщ, пироги одні й другі, голубці, риба холодна й печена, сирники, налисники, сушені й варені овочі і так аж до дванадцять. Та не головне страви — головне, цей чудовий настрій, що охоплює цілу істоту кож-

ного українця. Забувається все — давні кривди, ненависті й болі, а відчувається тільки любов — велика родинна любов. Бо ж Різдво це свято любови, це Любов зійшла з неба на землю і замешкала між нами. Це та любов стягає додому батька-матері дітей — синів, доньок, внуків і правнуків, що нераз розкинені по всій розлогій Канаді. Справді, нема нічого кращого ні щасливішого, як українська родина у Свят-Вечір.

Час до часу, між тим, як подають страви, несеться коляда, ця чудова різдвяна пісня, що так ніжно грає на всіх струнах нашої душі, що так чутливо торкається нашого серця і різьбить на ньому незабутні спомини. Це коляда робить Різдво таким гарним, таким дорогим. Ідуть у забуття інші звичаї, інші пісні, та коляди не підуть у забуття ніколи. Вони будуть для нас усе свіжі, все повні чару, бо вони наші — українські.

У Свят-Вечір, та й в інші дні Різдва, молодь і дітвора йдуть з колядою. Чудовий звичай. Гурток колядників стає під вікном, чи входить до хати й колядують господарям — наче ангели звіщають ту веселу новину, що вже прийшов Спаситель світа.

Підемо колядувати й ми — Українське Католицьке Юнацтво. Треба нам пам'ятати, що ми сповняємо наш традиційний звичай, що та коляда має вирити в наших серцях незнищимі сліди, має влити в них нову життєдайну силу. Тому нехай вона буде дійсною колядою, тою доброю, радісною, божою вісткою, а ми — божими вістунами. Нехай не буде там нічого, що було б з так великим післанництвом незгідне, а вже зовсім нічого, що могло б такий гарний звичай понизити.

Підемо колядувати на різні цілі — на церкву, на народний дім, на рідну

(Продовження на стор. 4)

The Song of His Birth

While humble shepherds watch'd their flocks
in Bethlehem's plains by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd
and fill'd the plains with light.

Fear not, he said (for sudden dread
had seized their troubled mind),
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you, and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the sign:

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
to human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
addressed their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;
Good-will is shown by Heav'n to men,
and never more shall cease.

— Luke 2:8-15

What Is Christmas Time?

Christmas time is a time for smiling instead of frowning; a time for loving instead of hating; a time for giving instead of grabbing; a time for helping those that are less fortunate than we; a time when the glitter of the Christmas tree with its gay coat of tinsel, lights and trinkets reflects the emotions in the eyes of young and old; a time when the church bells call us again to hear the song which has gone down the ages in the hearts of men; a time when millions of greetings and best wishes are exchanged; a time that covers the ugly scars of the world like a blanket of fresh snow; a time when all humanity should fall on its knees before the new-born Saviour and join in prayer for Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will; a time when all the world should renew its faith in God, His beloved Son, and manifest this faith in its daily life; a time when we all should sincerely pray the Infant Jesus to restore peace — peace between man and God and peace between man and man.

And now that Christmas is here again, we wish you and yours all that is Christmas.

У Різдвяну Ніч в Україні

(НАРИС)

Окутане імристою темрявою ночі спало село. Здавалось, завмерло. Малі, присадкуваті хатки поприлягали одна до одної, причайсь наче б в ожиданні чогось великого, небувалого. Слабко відбивались у місячному світлі давно небілені стіни й маленькі їх віконця чорними очима гляділи здавалось байдуже в далечінь. Було тихо, наче в опустілій церкві.

Аж як місяць зайшов за темні хмари й село залягла морозна мрачна темрява — воно ожило. Край першої хати мигнула похилена постать, а за нею скрадаючись одна, друга, третя . . . Всі прямували до тої самої хати, всі зникали в тих самих дверях. Пробігали тихо, без слова, навіть сніг не скрипів під їх ногами — як нічні духи . . .

* * *

На столику горіли дві грубі, домашньо-го виробу свічки. Вони кліпали своїм полум'ям, кидали червону заграву на пусті стіни й низеньку стелю хатини, малювали на них дивовижні постаті-тіні й слабко освічували похилену над столиком постать. Це був священик. Прийшов сюди здалеку . . . прийшов темними лісами, глибокими снігами . . . прийшов, щоб відправити для тих опущених, переслідуваних людей Різдвяну Службу Божу. Попід стіни й посеред хати стояли навколішках похилені, горем прибиті постаті. З їх грудей раз-у-раз виривалось глибоке зітхання — зітхання полегші й надії.

Схилившись ще нижче над столиком священик тихим, але виразним голосом проказав слова освячення . . . Прийміте ядїте . . . Пийте от неї всі . . . Амінь, амінь, амінь . . . пронеслось тихо по кімнаті.

Ангели клонились у покорі віддаючи хвалу своєму Творцеві. Ісус Христос зійшов на землю. Він благословив їх . . . Благословив Свого відважного слугу священика, що з нараженням свого життя ніс промінь потіхи нещасним. Благословив вірних, що видержали при вірі, що не піддали свого сумління під червону диктатуру, що мимо страждань і переслідувань

видержали важку пробу, не зрадили. Він їх благословив.

* * *

За хмар викотився срібний місяць. Проходжуючись по темно-синьому, оксамитному небосхилі, приглядався до дрімучого села й до хатинки, що стояла на самому крайчику. Та вона вже нічим не різнилась від інших зубожілих селянських хаток. Малі віконця, що в них ще так недавно блимало тьмаве світло свічок, дивились на світ сліпими чорними очима. Навіть чуйне око влади не мого добачити, що діялось тут, в цю пропам'ятну різдвяну ніч.

За місяцем вийшла зоря — та зоря, що рік-річно у Свят-Вечір звіщає світові радість. Та світ — особливо сьогоднішній світ, не розуміє її післаниництва, не розуміє тої благої вістки.

Так проминула в Україні ще одна різдвяна ніч — так дуже подібна до тієї першої, виффлемської, різдвяної ночі.

ПІДЕМО З КОЛЯДОЮ

(Продовження зо стор. 2)

школу. Не забудьмо про коляду для "Юнацтва", не занедбуймо вислати нашу особисту коляду, не забуваймо пригадувати це іншим. Бо "Юнацтво" — наш журналік — колядує вам не тільки на Різдво, але цілий рік. То ж годиться, щоб ми хоч раз у рік зложили йому свій дар. А це буде великим доказом, що старі традиції батьків запускають коріння в серцях молодого покоління.

М. Товтрович.

A Dallas pastor had been telling the story of the two ministers who went to Heaven and were held up at the Pearly Gate. "For a check-up," it was explained. While the two ministers waited a third man walked up and was admitted immediately. The churchmen wanted to know why? "That's a taxi driver," said St. Peter. "He's scared more hell out of people than both of you together."

A Thought for Christmas

By P. W. B.

"Did you buy the Christmas tree lights, Jimmy?"

"No, Mother, the department store closed just before I came there".

"Then we won't have a thing to decorate the Christmas tree with. What kind of Christmas is it going to be without lights on the tree?"

"O yes, Mom, I forgot to pick up the parcel at the store also. There was a Santa Claus handing out candy canes, and by the time I received mine, it was very late. So I had to hurry to the store to buy the Christmas tree lights."

"Jimmy, tomorrow morning you get right down to that store and buy the lights and get the parcel. My! What a Christmas! No lights, no presents!"

"Why, aunt Harriet will never buy me another gift if I don't get her one this Christmas. You know very well that we always receive very expensive gifts from her. Mind you, tomorrow you'd better pick up the parcels."

"OK, Mom. Gee, can you imagine that I might even get a watch for Christmas? I wish Christmas came four times a year — just think of all the presents I'd receive then".

* * *

Dear reader, the above scene may seem rather comical, but if we look into our modern way of living a little closer, we will find a similar scene enacted in most of our homes during this holy season of Christmas.

But let us stop to think for a while. What are we celebrating, anyhow? Is it your birthday, or my anniversary, or somebody's golden jubilee? No! We are commemorating the birth of Christ. Yet everything, everything except Christ, is thought of.

For long weeks we prepare our homes, plan our shopping list carefully, making double sure that no one is left out. We carefully survey our address book and write

out the greeting cards, yet the One whose birthday we are celebrating is not even mentioned. Our main worries seem to concern ourselves, our friends, and our relatives. For most of us Christmas has become merely an occasion to eat and drink a lot and a time for exchanging presents. Is this not downright paganism? We, Catholics, — we who were chosen to bring back the true spirit of Christmas to the modern world seem to be aiding those who are trying their utmost to put Christ out of the picture completely. We may not be surprised to know that the communists are trying to replace this day with their leader's birthday, but we are justly surprised to see Catholics excluding Christ from Christmas.

This may seem a little absurd, but facts speak for themselves. Our 'ego' must have fashionable clothes; it must receive all the desired gifts in order that everybody in the neighborhood may laud us. But wait! Where is Christ? Is this not His birthday? Should He not receive something? — a present, a prayer of praise and thanksgiving? Or even more — a pure heart filled with nothing but love for Him? Put yourself in our Saviour's place. What would you think of your relatives and friends if on your birthday they forgot about you and thought only about themselves? Imagine — no birthday greetings, no presents, no party on your birthday! I am quite certain as to what opinion you would have about them. You would think that they are really selfish, and that would be perfectly true.

So now you know, dear reader, how Christ feels when His own birthday, we inflate our 'ego' instead of thinking about Him.

Let everyone think this over seriously during the holy season of Christmas and bring back its true spirit into our hearts. The spirit of giving is in us, but our list must be changed: Christ first, all others after Him.

GOING MY WAY?

By BROTHER S. METHIDIUS
F.S.C.

KNUTE ROCKNE, Coach of Millions.

Knute Rockne, a Protestant, was born in Norway. He came to the United States as a small boy. Working hard during the day, he studied at night schools until he finished his high school course. Then, still a Protestant, he enrolled at the University of Notre Dame because "that university made men". After graduating he became a science lecturer and a football coach of his "Alma Mater", the University of Notre Dame. It was as a "Football Coach" that he became known all over the United States and Canada. He died in an airplane crash in March 30, 1931. A few days after his death "The Religious Bulletin" of Notre Dame University had this to say:

"Never to be forgotten the night of March 30th 1931. 'Rock' was happy that evening. He had just dined with 'Christy' Chicago hotel representative. Things had been breaking well lately. 'Rock' had just won his second National Championship. Next day he would greet his sons in Kansas City, then take to the air for a speaking tour beginning at Los Angeles.

"Triple propellers cut westward through leaden skies. Thunderous droning. Carefully pilots chart their course. But God plans things differently. Don't say it was cruel. Don't say this thing was unplanned. If 'Rock's' life was a tremendous power for good, his death would do more good, much more. God knew.

"Silver bird, sleek, swift, soaring. Then of a sudden, terrible, twisting, tumbling. 10.47. An early March morning. The middle of Kansas. Knute Kenneth Rockne, wizard of the pigskin, maker of men, head of a happy family, adopted son of Our Lady . . . Dead! . . . The silver crucifix of his rosary was bent as a ring round his finger . . . Shocked radio waves, scarehead extras, tears dripping on street corners, draped in black a whole nation.

"Now are the stories told. 'Go-giver', said Poet-President Father O'Donnell, and that summed it up. One of Christ's 'clean of

heart', already perhaps 'seeing God'. 'The most masculine man, ruggedness on field and off'. What a lesson sportswriters could teach America's youth . . . And this great man, so humble withal, unashamedly clinging to God, bending the knee in church, asking his penance, receiving His Lord in Communion — this great man 'just one of his own boys!' Don't say what the world called tragic and sad was unplanned! He coached not eleven, but many more than eleven millions.

"As 'Rock' fell, he threw something to you. And he spoke the same simple words which the fallen soldiers at Ypres said in 1915: "To you, from failing hands we throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high'".

ROCKNE'S CONVERSION

Written by a Non-Catholic

"One of the cruelest 'inside' whisperings that was ever circulated was the one that Rockne accepted his religion because it was popular at the school where he was coaching. Not many men said it. But some narrow minds did. Rockne could have left his school for double the salary. He would have been a success anywhere.

"Knute Rockne was not that kind of man. Knute Rockne did things because he believed in them. That was characteristic of Rockne through his whole life. As a Protestant there was no statement which we resented more. We made a study of Rockne's life because we wanted to know more about him during the time we were covering sports. That study did us an immeasurable amount of good."

ROCKNE'S CONVERSION

Told by Himself

"I used to be impressed deeply at the sight of my players receiving Communion every morning, and finally I made it a point of going to Mass with them on the morning of a game. I realized that it appeared more or less incongruous, when we arrived in town for a game, for the general public to see my boys rushing off to

church as soon as they got off the train, while their coach rode to the hotel and took his ease. So for the sake of appearances, if nothing else. I made it a point to go to church with the boys on the morning of a game.

"One night before a big game in the East, I was nervous and worried about the outcome of the game the next day and was unable to sleep. I tossed and rolled about the bed and finally decided that I'd get up and dress, then go down to the lobby and sit in a chair alone with my thoughts. It must have been two or three o'clock in the morning when I arrived in the deserted lobby and took a chair and tried to get that football game off my mind by engaging some bell-boys in conversation.

"Along about five or six o'clock in the morning I started pacing the lobby of the hotel, when suddenly I ran into two of my own players hurrying out. I asked them where they were going at such an hour, although I had a good idea. Then I retired to a chair in the lobby where I couldn't be seen, but where I could see everyone who went in or out the door. Within the next few minutes my players kept hurrying out of the door in pairs and groups, and finally when they were all about gone, I got near the door so I could question the next player who came along.

"In a minute or two, the last of the squad hurried out of an elevator and made for the door. I stopped them and asked them if they, too, were going to Mass, and they replied that they were. I decided to go along with them. Although they probably didn't realize it, these youngsters were making a powerful impression on me with their piety and devotion, and when I saw all of them walking up to the Communion rail to receive, and realized the several hours of sleep they had sacrificed in order to do this, I understood for the first time what a powerful ally their religion was to those boys in their work on the football field. Then is when I really began to see the light; to know what was missing in my life, and later on I had the great pleasure of joining my boys at the Communion rail."

М. Товтрович.

У БОЖУ ПУТЬ

У Божу путь — аж до вертепу,
За царями,
Ідемо ми — в кайдани скуті —
Іх слідами . . .

І з пастушками йдем благи
Щастя - долі,
Ми — нарід здопаний, розпятий —
Люд неволі . . .

З серцем в руках — з руїн, пожарів,
В цей день грози . . .
До ясел Твоїх несе́м в дарі —
Криваві сльози . . .



LAUGH WITH US

A city boy was visiting in the country and happened to come upon a pile of empty condensed milk cans. "Say," he called in excitement, "come here! I've found a cow's nest."

* * * *

Poverty of person is far more to be dreaded than poverty of purse.

* * * *

When you find yourself getting angry — stand still for a moment and smile.

Perhaps one reason that the dollar will not do as much for anyone as it used to do, is the fact that no one will do as much for the dollar as he used to do.

* * * *

Too much celebrating has kept many a man from becoming celebrated.

* * * *

Mike: "I suppose, now that you are married, life is just one beautiful symphony."

Ike: "Well, not exactly. Ever since the baby came, it has been more like a grand opera — full of grand marches, arias, and loud calls for the author every night."

* * * *

Marriage is a mutual partnership — the husband is the mute.

* * * *

The rich are alcoholics; the poor are drunks.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

ST. BASIL'S EDMONTON U.C.Y..

It has been many months since the last report was issued from the St. Basil's U.C.Y. of South Edmonton. I shall first begin with our summer activities.

Over \$75 was allotted for soft ball equipment which included balls, bats and gloves. The sweaters and caps were bought by the individual players. Our crest for the sweater consisted of a Sabre jet and the initials S.S.U.C.Y. (South Side Ukrainian Catholic Youth). The dazzling gold and black sweaters with these crests are a sight in themselves. With other Edmonton soft ball teams we formed the "Recreation Men's Fast Ball League". I might mention that our highly reputed rivals, the north side (now designated as Central U.C.Y.) were also on the same team. Rain prevented a sudden death game to decide who would be in first place, so no team actually won the trophy.

Our regular meetings for the club began in late September and are held every second week. Executive meetings are held in the intervening weeks. Following a couple of fire "Let's get acquainted dances", we felt we knew enough about our members to pick out a good executive. It was not a "family compact affair" as I know to exist in other clubs. A nominating committee spent much time in picking out a slate with each position occupied by at least two nominees. I shall not give you the names of the elected executive but only shall mention some of their triumphs. We have not forgotten our winter sports and although we are still negotiating in obtaining a school or hall for a badminton court, we have also considered the famous sport of "ping pong" — which the more sophisticated members call table tennis. Members of our cultural committee are arranging debates and speaks for the cold wintery days ahead. Two members of this committee

represented our club at the banquet held at the Bishop's palace where they presented the club's donation. They have also planned a retreat for all the youth (Dec. 6-8).

To add to our intellect we have an ever increasing library and have found it necessary to appoint a librarian. We also turn out a monthly paper and the editorial staff has been complimented on its success. Incidentally it is a paying proposition. Finances, a problem at any club, is being solved in many ways. We have bingo every Monday nights. We are also considering a raffle and other transactions in hope of raising money. Most of the U.C.Y. members also belong to our choir. We are very grateful in having Bill Kurylo as our choir director. He has taken choir direction in Winnipeg and conducted choirs there and in Ft. William. At present he resides in Calmar (35 miles south of Edmonton) and drives to Edmonton to give us our practice. As added attraction in our club we have a question box and Father Victor is quite an encyclopaedia on such affairs.

In closing I would like to discuss the variety of people attending our club. About one third of them are varsity students and it sure is surprising how many sacrifice their precious time to make a successful club (e.g. chairman of sports and cultural committee, and editor). There are also various stenographers, business college students, high school students, nurses, fur ranchers, various clerks, and even people that work in a morgue. When such a group get together they sure have many things to talk about. The total membership is over 60 and every meeting or social brings new faces that are always found welcome. Such a club is a good example of the co-operative spirit that should exist between the Ukrainian Catholic Youth. Its success depends on the willingness to work and the sacrifices offered by the individual members and does not solely depend on the efficient executive.

A Merry Christmas to one and all from our club.

MUNDARE U.C.Y.

On November 15th the annual elections for the new executive of the U.C.Y.O. were held and the results were:

President — Ronald Topilko.
 Vice-president — Jerry Hawryluk.
 Secretary — Eugenia Caruk.
 Treasurer — Lorraine Hawryluk.
 Fifth Member — Marcia Topilko.
 Circulation Manager — Albert Liabida.
 Press Correspondent — Alex Fedoruk.

Entertainment Committee — John Skrypnik, Edward Talaga, Mildred Eleniak.

Dance Committee — Mary Bartkiw and Roman Hawryluk.

The elections were followed by a dance and lunch.

On December 6th a tea and apron Sale were held under the supervision of Miss Lorraine Hawryluk. A card party in the evening drew quite a large crowd also.

On December 9th the Sodality of B.V.M. presented its annual drama, a three act comedy "Conscience Awaken". There were two performances: matinee at 2 o'clock and the evening performance at 8 o'clock. Both times the National Hall was filled to capacity. The cast consisted of: Marcia Topelko, Eugenia Caruk, Marion Soleski, Mary Bartkiw, Rita Winnicki, Phyllis Topelko, Doreen Osinchuk, Mary Jane Topilko, Anne Kostiuik, Leona Hawryluk, Betty Bartkiw. Production staff consisted of: stage manager, Ronald Topilko; lights, Leonard Nay; costumes, Marcia Pehovich and Lorretta Pasternak; properties, Roman Hawryluk; make-up, Sylvia Korchinski and Sonia Caruk; publicity, Marcia Pehovich; usherettes, Lorraine Hawryluk and Phyllis Yuswak. The drama was under the direction of Sister Marion. According to popular vote, Marcia Topilko was chosen as the best actress. Eugenia Caruk, second and in the third place stood Marion Soleski and Leona Hawryluk.

Rev. Father Vital Pidskalny OSBM delivered a brief address at the conclusion of each performance and congratulated both the cast and the production staff on the fine work done in dramatics. In the past few years the Mundare U.C.Y. has made an advanced progress in the presentation of

dramas, particularly in annual drama festivals held each spring.

During the evening performance, Rev. M. Gnesko OSBM who has recently returned from Rome after receiving his doctorate there, addressed the large audience and stressed the importance of giving the youth the right kind of guidance, namely, the Christian guidance.

On December 11th, the Mundare U.C.Y. was honored by the visit of the Provincial Executive, namely Mr. Martin Bodnar, and Lesia Pryma from Edmonton. A donation of \$25.00 was given toward the Provincial Carnival. After the meeting lunch was served for both executives.

The Mundare U.C.Y. choir under the direction of Rev. Father Vital is making a rapid progress and there are high hopes that in the near future Mundarians will be delighted to hear over fifty voices as they blend in traditional Christmas carols, etc.

TRANSCONA, Man.

ANNUAL ELECTIONS

Thirty three members of St. Michael's Youth Club gathered on Sunday, October 21, at their Parish Hall for the annual election of officers. The meeting was directed by Paul Eweasko. Louise Werbicki, last year's president, thanked everybody for the splendid co-operation during the past year. The new slate of officers elected includes:

President — George Michalchuk.
 Vice-President — Wally Sawchuk.
 Secretary — Mary Foss.
 Treasurer, Mary Myleck.
 Fifth Member — Ann Spack.

Controllers — Alex Michalchuk, Natalie Hunchuk, Alice Gnutel.

Reporter — Victor Yakowchuk.

At this meeting two delegates were chosen to attend the Provincial Convention, namely: George Michalchuk and Natalie Hunchuk.

* * *

Two of St. Michael's Youth members are in the Provincial Executive: George



Mr. and Mrs. J. Wasylewych

Who were married on October 24th, 1951, at St. Josaphat's Cathedral in Edmonton. The bride is the former Miss Steffi e Pinkoski, sister of Mrs. Yuswak. She was an active U.C.Y., and B.V.M. Sodality member.

Michalchuk as auditor and Victor Yakowchuk as Provincial Social Chairman.

* * *

After the election Rev. Father Shewchuk had a short talk of encouragement. He also thanked the former executive for their great work and congratulated the new executive. As soon as the meeting was closed, the Club presented Paul Ewasko (choir director) with a gift as a token of appreciation for the hard work he has been and is doing with the Club and choir.

* * *

One of the Club's activities is holding a whist drive every Wednesday evening, and this is always well attended. During the last three months this Club held a popularity contest. Four members took part in it, running in pairs: Iris Krupp and Louise Werbiski, and Ann Antoniak and Victor Yakowchuk. Saturday, November 24, was the big day for the pair that worked probably a little harder than the other. This were Iris Krupp and Louise Werbiski. The

contest ended with a banquet in honor of the winners. A dance followed. The president of the Ukrainian Catholic Brotherhood Mr. Kozoris, presented Iris Krupp with a dozen roses and Louise Werbiski with a buttonaire. Ann Antoniak received a corsage and Victor a buttonaire. Cash gifts were also given to the contestants. The winners were congratulated by Mr. Cecil Sumsyshyn, the Provincial vice-president of the UCY.

ГИЛЛЯРД, АЛТА.

ПОМИНКИ

Рік тому відійшов у вічність перший і найбільш заслужений піонір з околиці Гиллярд, бл. п. Петро Сенюк. Та його праця і його добре ім'я не пішло в забуття. 24. листопада ц. р. родина й приятелі зій-



Mr. and Mrs. W. Yusak

Who were married at St. Josaphat's Cathedral on May 12, 1951. The groom is from Mundare, Alta., and the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Pinkoski of Edmonton. Both are U.C.Y. members.



THE U.C.Y. PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE OF SASKATCHEWAN

Left to right: Olga Michaluk, secretary; Ethel Pushkarenko, treasurer; Walter Sharko, vice-president; Jean Shudlik, president; Anne Shabaga, fifth member. (See article in the last issue of the Youth).

шились, щоб помолитись за нього тай згадати його добрим словом.

Поминальну Службу Божу й Парастас відправив о. Н. Свірський, ЧСВВ., в церкві св. Івана в Гилліярд — фарми. Численна родина, сусіди й приятелі заповнили церкву наче в яке свято. Щирі слова проповіді вели молоде покоління слідами великого піонера й наповняли їх серця любов'ю до всього того, що було дороге батькам-піонерам.

По відправі відбувся поминковий обід в домі п. Петрія, що одружений з внучкою покійного. В часі обіду п. О. Розумяк щирими словами згадав важні моменти з життя покійного, його труди й заслуги біля будови церкви й розбудови парохії. Потім промовляв ще також о. Свірський. Звертаючи увагу присутніх на небезпеки, що загрожують молодому поколінню, просив

присутніх о їх ласкаву жертву на ті чинники, що працюють над збереженням і вихованням нашої молоді, а саме на нашу пресу. Збірка принесла \$13.65, з чого на Українські Вісти призначено \$5.00 а \$8.65 на журнал нашої молоді — "Юнацтво."

Жертводавцям щира подяка. А пам'ять про покійного і про його діла нехай буде вічно між нами.

Teacher: "Have you ever heard of Julius Ceasar?"

Pupil: Yes, sir."

Teacher: "What do you think he would be doing now, if he were alive?"

Pupil: "Drawing an old age pension."

* * * *

Judge: "So you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"

Defendant: "No, sir, she licked me this time."

Було колись в Україні

ЗА А. ЛОТОЦЬКИМ

3. Знову гості

Минали літа століття минали... На місці старих дубів, що росли колись над Бористеном, повиростали молоді, а й вони вже постарілись. Тільки могутній Бористен-Дніпро пливе, як перше, і як колись несе свої води в Чорне море, як і колись, так і тепер шепоче дубам казку про все, що діялось на цій гарній землі... Про давні часи, про високій хрест, про віщі слова св. Апостола Андрія.

Аж одного дня долі Дніпром надплило кілька суден. Цим разом з іншої сторони та й люди в них були інші — узброєні, бойові. Плили й пливучи співали пісні. Аж усміхнувся старий дідуган Дніпро, як таких гостей побачив. По середині першого човна стояв кремезний, чорнявий мужчина, у білій одежі, з блискучим шоломом на голові. Спершись на гострий меч, стояв задивлений у сині Дніпрові хвилі та в красу країни. Так і знати було, що це начальник. Коло нього сиділи два молодші мужчини, а напроти гралось хвилями золотокосе, синьооке дівчатко. Начальник підняв меч угору й миттю всі човни причалили до берега, а з них почали виходити мужчини, жінки й діти. Стали табором. Чоловіки почали напинати намети, а жінки взялись за приготування обіду.

Начальник і його два брати заходились коло намету, що мав стати по середині табору. Будували його з дерева й покривали шкірами.

— Але ж і гарна тут країна! — озвався молодший брат, що був ще тільки підроском, задивлений на Дніпро, на ліси й на гори, — тут би нам надовше осісти.

— Та й звірини мусить бути багато в цих лісах, — докинув середущий, відриваючись на хвилину від роботи, — а місце на ріці вигідне і до плавби й до перевозу.

— Мені так і видиться — озвався у свою чергу начальник, — що ми тут довше залишимося. Ліс є, будуть гарні лови, паші для худоби доволі, а й риби в ріці не бракує.

Так і сталося. Не день і не два прислухувався Дніпро до розмов своїх нових гостей, до їх гарних грімких пісень, не раз і не два носив їх на своїх спінених хвилях. Не раз і не два вітав їх дрімучий ліс у себе на ловах. І падали від їх гострих стріл і кутих ратищ круторогі тури, грізні дики, або бистроногі олені. А що вже дрібної дичини падало, то вже хіба не перелічити. Подобалась ця країна і начальникові і людям, подобався їм і старий дід Дніпро.

4. Дивний сон.

Сонце вже давно сховалося за горами, давно вже повертались мужчини з ловів, тільки начальника з його товаришами ще не було. У головному наметі почали журитись за своїх. Найбільше бідкалось молоде дівча — журилось за братів, що не вернулись. Старенька бабуса успокоювала всіх як могла. Не журіться — каже — не такі то вже наші завзяті, щоб їм загинути. Знаю їх ще змалечку. Певно задалеко загналися за звірем, то мабуть вернуться аж завтра.

Неспокоїно спали мешканці головного намету, неспокоїно спали й усі жителі табору з журби за долю начальника і двох молодших братів. Неспокоїно спав і сам начальник Київ, підстеливши шкуру під розлогим дубом на високій горі — бо снівся йому сон, дивний, предивний.

А снилось йому, що бачить наче б то по місячному промінні сходить до нього дивний старець — доброта так і бе з його лица — торкнув його рамя тай каже: — Кию, Вишатин сину, на цих горах побудеш город і тут осядеш ти і твій рід на завжди. Тут прославиться твій рід і його держава. І прийде час, що на цих горах засяє Божа благодать.

На другий день вже сонічко було висоенько, як брати вернулись до своїх. Наймолодший Хорив таки зараз взявся розказувати сестричці Лебеді про свої пригоди. — Блуд вчепився нас — каже — тай ми збилися з дороги, але добрий Див остеріг нас, показав шлях і ми таки по-

пали в табор. Зате добічу вловили неабияку, мабуть найкращого оленя в світі.

Всі гуторили, тішилися — один тільки Кий сидів поважний, задуманий. А далі — покличте людей — каже — хочу з ними раду радити. — Зараз таки скликано віче. Старші, батьки родин, заняли місця посередині невеличкого майдану перед наметом начальника, далі стояли молодші мужичи, молодь і жіноцтво стали кругом оподалік.

І вийшов з намету Кий, поклонився зібраній громаді — родові своїйому великому — й оповів їм сон свій дивний. — Не знаю — каже — хто це був той старець, чи Дажбог трисвітлий, чи може грізний Перун. Та так і так говорив він мені — а ви батьки й громадо судіть, що нам робити. По хвилині мовчанки виступив з ряду старезний дідуган Добромір, що вже давно забув коли сотка літ йому минула, тай каже: — Хто б це не був, княже, чи Дажбог, чи Перун, чи хто інший, він обявив тобі волю неба. то ж нам треба тій волі повинуватись. Вилно судила нам Доля кинути мандрівне життя тай зажити так, як живуть інші люди, ген там далеко, над морем. Бо ж не ялося противитись нам волі неба.

— Так, так, не ялося — озвались батьки роду, на знак, що й вони згодні з словами Доброміра старого. А ти, княже, дорогу і місце покажеш.

— Так нехай буде по волі неба й по волі вашій, — сказав Кий. Як що небо призначило цю країну нашому родові, то вона буде нашою поєїки. А тепер до діла — поки час, поки нас не захопить зима.

— До діла — повторили батьки.

— До діла, до діла — підхопила й молодь.

Рада скінчилась. Рішилась доля роду й народу, що з нього вийшов.

* * *

Пояснення мало зрозумілих слів: Ратище — спис; горед — місто; Блуд — злий божок у давній українській мітології, що зводив людей на манівці, на блуканину; Див — божок темряви, ворожий для українців, бо вони були дітьми сонця; Дажбог — божок сонця, добрий бог, що давав усе добро; Перун — божок грому й блискавиці; Доля — богиня, що керувала щастям людей.

What Do You Know?

About FAITH

Faith, or believing, is accepting a thing as true because someone tells us so. In other words to believe means to accept the testimony of a reliable witness. When we actually know or see something, we have knowledge of it, not faith.

We distinguish two kinds of faith: natural and divine. We possess natural faith when we believe someone because we know that he knows what he is talking about and that he is not lying. Thus we always believe an expert. We accept as true various statements e.g. that the population of Edmonton is 159,000. It is practically impossible to live even one day without believing.

We are in possession of divine faith when we accept religious truths on the authority of God Himself. The Bible and the tradition of the Catholic Church contain many truths that God revealed through the prophets, Apostles and the evangelists. At times we err in believing men, but we cannot err in accepting as true what God has revealed. Even when we hear about things from our mother, or a priest, we believe because the truth goes back ultimately to God speaking.

Divine faith is not forced upon anybody. It is God's gift by means of which we can see obscure and incomprehensible truths of our religion. It is up to us to weigh the evidence to decide that God has spoken and that He must be believed.

Without faith it is impossible to please God, says the Bible, so no one can be saved without believing. Therefore faith is a necessity. This necessity can be easily understood from the always present demand for religion in the human race.

Faith is a very glorious and powerful possession. It is the basis of all virtues, it frees us from error and ignorance, and make us think like angels. Through faith we are enabled to worship God grandly: beautiful churches, glorious music, paintings sculpture, rituals and rich symbolism.

Thinking Things Over

By Myros Kmita

In the last issue of the YOUTH I might have talked too much about the boys. How about the girls that come out to the East, or rather to the "cities"?

I'll tell you the truth. I just don't see any of those poor creatures from the "farms". When they see that girls in the "big" cities, especially down East, grew with each other and cannot get along with each other, and have nothing worthwhile to show, they get so discouraged that they either go back home or just keep out of sight. They know that it's hopeless to make friends.

I remember one girl who came from the West. She was a good softball pitcher. One day she went to a club ball game. Everything was alright until some girl suggested that she pitch. She struck out a few straight in a row, and what happened? when the local girls found out that they couldn't hit her pitches, they became dissatisfied with her — instead of praising her and signing her up on the team. "I just cannot show up there again", was this

pitcher's comment, after she heard some of the names she was called by those who disliked her — her fellow-UCYers. And that was the last that was seen of her.

Or what would you say about girls who belong to the same parish, pray at the same church, yet they won't talk to each other, unless they have to.

We all believe in God. God imposed on us the Ten Commandments. Why do we not, as good Catholics, abide by them? If we believe in God, we must believe in His Commandments. If we live according to them, we will love our neighbors and strangers alike ourselves. We will love our parish, our priest, our God. Differences are bound to occur, but why can't they be ironed out? Why can't two girls, both claiming to be right, give in and talk in a friendly manner? Do they have to walk out with "I'll never speak to her again?"

Every time you talk about your club member or neighbor "behind his back", you are committing a sin. Every time you parishioner or anybody else, you commit a sin! When you unjustly argue with anyone, you are hurting God, who dislikes such things. 'Surely I saw Henry with that big Irish blonde, when Emily was working' — must I tell that to everybody, or anybody? 'Really I saw Frances one night with five boys in a car' must — everybody hear this from me? Maybe they were a couple of boys on their way home to the "farma" and she wanted to show them our fair city? Why not keep such things to oneself?

Keeping a club together depends a lot on the girls. If they fail, everything usually goes flat.

When a member brings his chum to the club, he cannot hang on to him, because he's looking for his own interests. If it's a dance, he can't dance with his boy friend. That is one fate that the boys haven't fallen into yet, that is dancing with each other like girls do. What is he going to do-

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

Divine faith has stood for twenty centuries as an immutable rock against which broke the most violent attacks upon the Church. Yielding no arms nor money, using no fraud nor cunning, it has spread the world over by sheer force of truth and zeal of those who already possess this great divine gift.

We, that possess this dazzling, pure light that floods our soul with supernatural knowledge and penetrating wisdom can never be grateful enough to God for this great blessing. Our chances of being born outside the Catholic faith were about six to one. How lucky we are, therefore, and fortunate to have all the blessings of this faith. Are we to forget those, who are not as fortunate? No! We must pray for all people lacking divine faith. Let us pray for all such people, that they may also learn and believe the truths that God has revealed to man.

The Catholic Public School Teacher

Under the impression of tolerance and good fellowship, many teachers lapse into the state of complete religious indifference. As a result, they may often proclaim that there is little difference as to what religion a person practises. The Catholic teacher, whether in the class or with her associates, should uphold the fact that there is only one true religion founded by Christ, and preached by the Catholic Church. She may explain and uphold that Canadian laws grant equal rights to all religions, but in praising

this fact, she should make it clear that she is limiting her praise to democratic countries only. However she must make it clear that only the Catholic religion possesses the true right to exist because it represents the original and true Church of God.

Sometimes a Catholic teacher is expected to attend religious services in a non-Catholic church. The occasion may be the wedding or funeral of one of her fellow teachers, and in such a case she may attend. In some communities, the graduation exercises are held in a Protestant church, and on such occasions the teacher and the pupils are practically forced to be present. Therefore they could attend the exercises. The Catholics, however, must not take active part in their non-Catholic worship.

The Alberta course of studies permits the reading of the Bible at the opening of the class each morning. The Catholic teacher may find the Protestant Bible, and may wonder what she should do. Archbishop Kendrick forbade, without permission, the use of Protestant scripture by a Catholic teacher. Father Koning ventured to say that under the threat of loss of prestige, she may use the Protestant Bible, and choose only the passages conformable to that of a Catholic text. The teacher should not give the pupils the impression that the non-Catholic text is correct. But under the present conditions, the teacher may bring her own Bible to class and read it to the class.

Our provincial law permits the teacher to recite the "Our Father" every morning in the class. The Protestant children add the phrase: "For thine is the kingdom, etc." These words should not be recited by the Catholic children or the Catholic teacher. The added words contain no heresy, but in practice, these words have taken on the Protestant connotation. On the other hand, the Catholics may begin the prayer for the Protestant children. Since nowadays the parents do not teach their children to pray, so it is better for them to be accustomed to recite the prayers.

THINKING THINGS OVER

Stand in a corner and watch a group of girls dancing with each other after refusing to dance with him?

And these are not tall stories. I once made a survey. I asked six of the twelve girls to dance my favorite melody at a dance after a club meeting. They all refused, and went dancing with the other six girls in the hall. That was the limit. Next Saturday I went to and danced with French girls.

Sure you have to learn to dance. Why not learn with your own club members. When I have to get myself a "fajnu malenku francuzku" to teach me how to dance, because our girls don't care to give me a hand, it looks rather funny and queer, doesn't it?

As a young man, I'm not interested in hanging on to the one girl I brought into the club. That would make it impossible for me to bring in another one. And these newcomers that are brought in to our club — if they are treated in a way they usually are, how can we expect them to feel at home at our clubs? I have even experienced the following: I asked such a newcomers to attend retreats for girls. And what did she tell me? "Sure, I should. But I don't want to be an occasion for 'some' girls to treat someone harshly at them." She was smart, though, and left for her home before she could turn into what others thought she was.

(To Be Continued)

The authorities of the Catholic Church hold that sex education is essential to a complete education, but it must be imparted in a right manner, otherwise it would do more harm than good. Sex, being something personal, should be given by the parents of the child, according to his needs and his physical or intellectual development. The children, in one class, do not mature uniformly, at the same level, so it is impossible to have a group instruction. The sex instruction should be directed towards chastity, and always be an incentive to the angelic virtue. But many public school teachers do not uphold the high ideal of chastity preached by the Catholic Church. For these reasons Church authorities oppose group instruction in our public schools. But if the Catholic teacher is required to conduct sex instruction, she is better fitted to give it than those of other denominations. Her instruction should be chaste and not too detailed. She should compare the difference between the instinctive use of sex faculties, in animals, and the properly regulated use of human beings, having intelligence and free will. She may point out that the lawful use of the sexual power is restricted to married persons, and should suggest that the motive for purity is the nobility and strength of character. The teacher should not hesitate to give personal instruction privately to a child who may take her into her confidence. At such times the teacher may even warn the child against dangerous associations. Great prudence should be employed by a well-meaning teacher.

The public school system of education attempts to teach some manner of ethical training. The teacher may not expound the teaching of the Church, but she should avail herself of every opportunity to point out the nobility of such virtues as truth, justice, kindness, and temperance. There would be no infringement of the non-religious character of public education if she referred to God and man's obligation to serve Him. Such a general assertion of truth would not be classified as sectarianism.

The Catholic teacher must remember that her examples can be very effective to her pupils. If she wishes to measure up to

the ideals of her profession according to the Catholic standard, she must be kind, patient, truthful and good. This virtue must be shown not only to the individuals, but also to racial groups. In fact she should condemn all racial prejudice, and extoll the principle that all men are equal in God's eyes. The same principles apply to different national and religious groups. It should be noted that the Catholic teacher, who practises the virtues, is winning the esteem of her pupils for the Catholic Church.

Certain school districts would not hire the Catholic teachers because of the bigotry to the Catholic Church. The teachers should not be discouraged from aspiring to such positions and winning them by outstanding scholarship. However, they must not compromise in the matter of faith, no matter how great is the advantage to be gained thereby. And when the teacher succeeds in obtaining the position in such localities, she should make an effort to break down the prejudice by her pedagogy and moral worth. Otherwise the teachers should not attribute their failure in securing the position to bigotry when they could not meet the requirements of the successful teacher.

In the last century, the Catholic educational philosophy, the Catholic Church's attitude towards education, and even the very idea of God were attacked by the enemies of Christian living. Several false philosophies sprang up, and they all directed their attack upon the Catholic Church and schools. The materialistically inclined enemies attempted, under the popular slogans, such as "progressivisms," tried to glorify science and, for a number of years, scientific theories captured the minds of many people. The Church, following the teaching of God, and the ethics set by the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas, did not change one item of her doctrines. Therefore every teacher must be acquainted with the fundamental doctrines of the Church and Her attitude towards education. The teacher must know that the beginning of all people is God, and that He created them for a purpose. That it is the duty of all human beings to know Him, recognize their obligations to Him, and, ultimately, face Him in heaven as the greatest reward. The teacher, in her important position, should impart this ideal

to her charges. Teachers could do much to countermand the attacks of the enemies, with their pagan teachings and false doctrines. They may suffer from their firm stand, but they should know that the Church has a whole calendar of saints who gave their lives for the same truths. Christ, according to the Holy Scriptures, said: "Forbid not the little children to come to me, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Then, in conclusion, the teachers should conduct themselves as loyal and apostolic members of the Catholic Church so that they may inspire others to seek and to find

the divine truth proclaimed for the entire human race by Him who is the first Teacher of all mankind.

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* * * *

Two tramps out West sat beneath a water tank in the damp shade. The older hobo asked: "Going to Toronto, son?"

"Yes," replied the younger one.

"Don't do it," the old one cautioned. "Twon't do any good for me to tell you why not. Just take the advice of an older man and don't do it. You wouldn't believe me if I to'd you. Even when you see it, you won't believe it."

"Won't believe what?" asked the mystified young tramp.

"You'll see the folks running to work!"

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